together), she cannot come at the same time, so I content myself with Monsieur, who is very merry and facetious. The girls are both amiable, particularly Eugenie, who is full of sense and accomplishments. She, as well as her sister, plays admirably upon the violin and sings well. We had yesterday what I am sure you never heard, a quartetto by four ladies on the violin and alto, and a middling violoncello—very well performed. A Mademoiselle de Mortagne plays charmingly on the harp.

The *ci-devants* look rather askew at De Maulde, because he was employed by the Convention. There is plenty of company and great names, however reduced in their circumstances; but we walk out a great deal, and mix but little in the society, which, in this small town, is very much made up of *commerage*. Madame de Pradelles is an exception, but she leaves us in a few days, as she is going into the country for the summer.

Some fine seasonable rains have brought out spring very fast, and the oaks are beginning to shoot. The low gardens from the palace to the

Seine are full of nightingales. I have under my eye, from the window where I am writing, a circle of rocks and wood of various tints, and nearer to me numerous gardens ***en berceaux et***